



Careless though to-morrow's fight  
Should close for them in deeper night;  
Careless though that far sweet strain  
For them should never sound again.

"Ah, love, good night," the bugles rang,  
And hushed the song the soldiers sang.  
Too soon shall reveille awake  
And shot and shell your dreaming break;  
Till cannon thunders usher day,  
Slumber softly while you may.  
Wrapped in your faded coat of blue,  
For day shall need you, soldier true.

"Ad, love, dear love, good night, good night,"  
For you we battle and the right.  
"Ah, all is well," the bugles sing,  
But, ah! what fate shall morning bring?  
Prayer and parting, sigh and pain;  
Who shall victors' garlands win?  
Who with the dead be gathered in?

As fades the light from white-winged tent;  
As snap the heart strings bullet rent;  
As clouds that never come again,  
So passeth life and all its pain.  
Day needed thee, but day no more  
Shall bring thee back on sea or shore.  
There never now a bugle strain  
Shall summon to the fray again.

Beyond the din of battle field,  
Where foemen fight and foemen yield,  
The angels whisper "all is well,"  
No bugle notes our realms shall swell.  
Yours was the highest boon—to die,  
To keep the old flag in the sky.  
Yours now the sweetest boon—to rest,  
He knoweth best, He knoweth best.

## AT A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.



like a tender sob pulsating gently to the place of the dead.

Only a few black-robed women and a little group of old soldiers, this one minus an arm and that one leaning heavily on his worn crutch—remained in the little graveyard, and soon they, too, departed, leaving only two persons—a bent old mother in a distant corner, and a tall, stately woman, standing, as if waiting, in the deep shade of a gloomy pine.

It was the most peaceful, the most neglected, the most lovely spot on earth. Nearly every stone had a flag or a sword cut in its face, and each name bore after it the Twelfth—Volunteers.

At first the most solicitous care had kept the mounds smooth and the paths open, but time had gone by and now each grave had sunk to a hollow trench, down whose sloping sides the long grass trailed and across which the stained marble slabs had long ago broken; the vines, once planted by tender hands, had reached carelessly out and bound all in impartial embrace; flowers forgot where they had stood originally, and tall trees looked out upon the once young shrubs now bidding fair to rival the old oaks.

This evening each narrow grave bore a tiny flag and its load of sweet blossoms; men, long since forgotten at all other times, were hunted out and honored on this one day of the year by offerings from the hearts and the hands of their old comrades; a sweet odor of fading flowers filled the warm air, and a soft golden afterglow tinged the tips of the pines and a gentle breeze waved the little flags standing loyal and true even in their humble places.

When all had left excepting the sobbing mother in the farthest corner, the tall woman stepped out and quickly picked her way over the thick-leaved plants and tangled vines to a long grave at the foot of the hill. Here, also, was an air of the absence of human care, and yet it seemed happier and truer in its transition back to nature. It was only a part of the harmony of the place for its stone to be lost under a large, wayward rose-bush; a closely cut sward would have been a cruel discord.

The woman slowly knelt, laid aside the little black bonnet as if to let the slowly stirring air cool her hot forehead, and reverently bent her lips to the grass above the head. The last rays of the sun stole softly up and fell tenderly on her face and lighted it, showing eyes beautifully soaked and patient, a mouth wonderfully sweet, and a low, fair forehead, from which were brushed back wave upon wave of soft snowy hair. White hair would soften and hallow any face, but here it seemed a crown, a halo for one as pure and lovely as a saint. But even its silver did not deceive one; there was a certain youth, in spite of the look of suffering, that kept one from judging her as old—a youth, borrowed, perhaps, from the past in which she always lived, if one might guess by the pleading, dreaming eyes.

From the country, stretching away behind her, came the far-off lowing of cat-

tle and from the town the strains of that same dirge, faint but yet filled with a sense of awful pain. She put her hands over her ears and still knelt, while her face grew paler, and the shadows of the pines near by cast their black cloaks about her; the silence, the loneliness, the sentiment of the place, overpowered her and she started to her feet. But, recovering again, she took from a basket great, loose, creamy roses and heaped them about the tiny cotton flag and seemed to ponder till a big tear slowly rolled down each cheek and a sob convulsed her shapely shoulders. She threw herself on her knees again, with her face in her hands, while the sun sank and the solemn, almost weird, music throbbed softly but clearly about her.

Here was not an unusual romance of that time; she had merely loved and her love had not returned to her at the final mustering-out. The grave by which she now stood, however, was not that of the lover, for she did not even know that he was dead. All that she did know was that the two brothers, Charles and Herbert Milford, had marched away side by side; she had loved Herbert, but they had never spoken of it, and so he left; Charles came back to die, and she was now at his grave; but she never knew where Herbert was, and—she could never forget him. Thus the grave of the brother had become to her a place of all purity—a communion with the dear, dead past—and where she went to kneel at the shrine of her old love.

Twenty-five years had gone by and her heart had not changed, so, as she sobbed there in her holy of holies, she did not note how even the faithful mother had gone, and how the calm, white moon had slowly climbed up and was pouring its gracious benediction over each little flag-marked bed, seeming to say:

"Sleep on, oh, weary soul! Thy summons has not yet come."

A man came slowly up to the open gate of the graveyard—a man of probably 50, yet his face was older than his walk would lead one to expect. His head had fallen on his breast and he walked slowly, as if in a reverie. It seemed so good to get back again to the home which he had last seen through a mist of tears as he had waved his cap and pointed proudly to the gay, new flag twenty-five years before.

His had been a busy life since and he smiled a little once, saying to himself that he was growing sentimental when he, the president of a mammoth manufacturing in the East, had stopped off at this little Western town just because the sight of it as he was passing through had brought up his boyhood and memories of a dark-eyed girl who had, after all, loved his brother, as some one wrote him when Charles had died. No, he didn't care now whom she loved. Only—then, he had hoped she loved him a little then. But now—why, he hadn't any heart now. It's all turned into stocks and gold," he laughed a little to himself as he patted his broad chest. However, the laugh was not a very hearty or satisfied one after all.

Thus he argued to himself as he went on, following the directions given him by a boy in the town, and stopped cautiously about to the place at the foot of the hill. The old soldier had died out and the world was forgotten; he lived again the days of his youth and loved his brother and drew his life from the eyes of one young girl.

So he continued until at his feet he saw a figure lying with the arms thrown out over the pale roses, and with the calm face turned full to the moonlight. He noiselessly stepped nearer and bent above her. Her low, regular breathing showed that she was sleeping, and a teardrop gleamed like a diamond on each dark lash. He knelt and brushed the grass from the face of the stone, and read:

"CHARLES MILFORD," "She did love him and thus she comes to him."

Long and earnestly he looked at her quiet face, like an angel's in the white moonlight; then, gently, noiselessly, he bent and pressed his lips to her snowy hair. Just for a moment, when he sprang up and hastened away as if guilty of some crime, laughing nervously through his white lips, as he whispered: "She is his wife and has no thought of me. I shall go back to the world, for even the world is never so false as a woman."

While she, a little later, awoke with a cry at finding herself alone so late in this beautiful, awful waste and ran wildly out to the street, her white hands pressed to her throbbing temples, while her cold lips quivered and a cry, like the cry of a wounded bird, rose to them: "I slept and dreamed that Herbert came to me and kissed me. Oh! why was it all a dream?"

Angels of mercy are always hovering over us, but sometimes they only flutter near to us, instead of covering us safely in the loving protection of their wings.

### A Gigantic Temple.

In Seringham, India, is the largest, holiest temple in the world. It is a square, each side being a mile in length, so that it is four miles long. The walls are twenty-five feet high, and for or five feet thick, and in the center of each wall rises a lofty tower. Entering the first square you come to another, with a wall as high and four more towers. Within that square there is another, and within that again another—and you will find seven squares, one within another, crowded by thousands of Brahmans. The great hall for pilgrims is supported by 1,000 pillars, each cut out a single block of stone.

Miss SCHLEMMANN, daughter of the famous archaeologist, has made an important Greek find on her own account. She is to marry the son of Mayor Melas, of Athens.

## TO OUR GLORIOUS DEAD

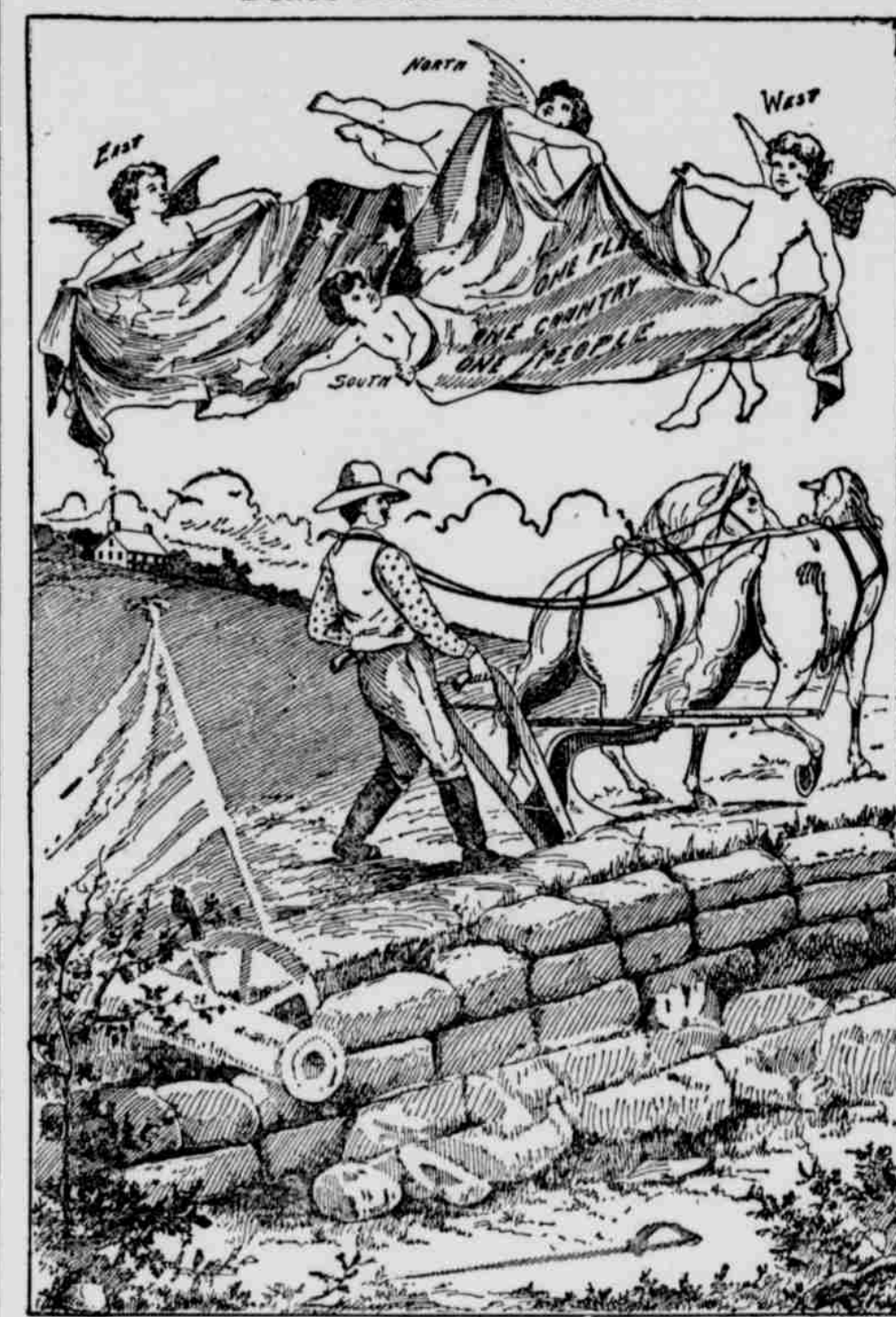
A FREE AND GRATEFUL PEOPLE PAYS HONOR.

Decoration Day Awakens Fresh Memories of and Greater Gratitude to the Brave Patriots Who Gave Their Lives for Their Country—Their Graves.

### Honor to Heroes.

The coming of another Decoration Day marks one more remove along the path of peace and prosperity from that conflict, the echoes of which grow less distinct and the memories of it more mellowed as the sands of time sift into the shadows of the softening past. The sorrow for our patriot dead is a sorrow we would not forget. Gladly as we would alter the aspects of that darksome picture of the fading years; much as we lament the fratricidal strife and its direful results, we would not if we could be wholly divorced from the memory of it. That era in the nation's existence serves as an awful, majestic background for the scene in which the arts of peace are painting the happier central figures of the present. In the war's great grave was buried a nation's error and humanity's shame. The fetters of the slave were hidden in that mound from the gentle bosom of which sprang the newer and grander life of the republic. The war is a story of the past the sequel of which is well-nigh told. Its fearful outlines have been happily smoothed away until we may pensively meditate upon the lessons it taught and look upon its patriotic aspects with a feeling of pride akin to deepest and purest joy.

### "Peace Hath Her Victories."



They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; Neither shall they learn war any more.—Ps. 2-4.

The nobility of a nation may be marked by the love which survives the tomb of its fallen defenders. Measured by that standard this grand republic is above and beyond all other lands. From the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, loving hands strew the beauties of nature above the graves of sleeping heroes and crown with chaplets of flowers the memory of its soldiers. The exercises of Decoration Day spread a shade of sorrow over the passing hours and quiet the voices of gaiety and laughter, and yet they are more welcome than scenes of revelry or songs of pleasure.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There bones once a pilgrim grave,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And freedom shall a while repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

### The Long Dark Night of War.

While the masses have no personal recollections of the war, its shock and anguish, all have been impressed by the lingering evidences of its terribleness. The conflict was ended before the young men of to-day were born, and to them it is a page in history. The sound of "the spirit-stirring drum" and the ear-piercing life does not send the blood tingling to the finger-tips as it does with the old soldiers to whom the war is an ever present reality. To the old volunteer it seems but yesterday that he heard the call to arms and hastened to the front. All was hurry and excitement and there were so many new and interesting sights that he almost forgot the dreadful nature of the mission he had set out to fulfill. The march through strange lands, the stories of the camp, the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of war served as stimulants to the mind. How differently surrounded was the mother, the wife or the sweetheart at home, who with fearful, prayerful heart dreaded the coming of the news that might deprive her of life's sunshine. Sad, long evenings were those spent by the hearthstone from which the father or sons were absent. What tidings might come with the morrow? What tidings the morrow did so often bring. But who of the survivors that suffered most would forego the sorrowful recollections of those terrible days if by so doing they must forget the glial time when the boys came marching home triumphant, bearing the dear old flag, rent and battle-scarred but a hundred times more glorious than when it went away. How vividly all remembered the day when the men a thousand strong proudly marched away to

the war. Mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts had pressed the farewell kiss on the lip and cheek and brow. Words were spoken the music of which was a sweet sound in the ear even amid the din of battle. Little children were awed by the military trappings of the great body of soldiers, and wonderful what it all meant. Old men gave their parting blessings, the last good-bys were spoken, handkerchiefs fluttered a thousand fond farewells, and the boys were gone. And how strangely quiet were the homes they left. Over the doorways lingered a shadow, and a hope to be darkened or brightened by the uncertain fortunes of war. Long days and nights dragged by. The vernal springs and the golden autumns came and went, and the snows of winter sifted their silver whiteness over new-made graves. Sometimes a soldier boy would come home on a furlough and return with a hundred messages of love to those in the ranks. And how eager were his comrades to learn all he had seen or heard. It was like stealing a glimpse of home and friends to chat with one who had recently looked upon those dear old scenes.

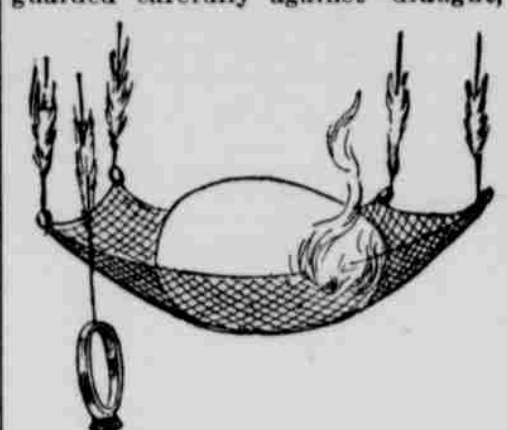
Hi! Harry Holly! Halt and tell  
A fellow just a thing or two;  
You've had a furlough, been to see  
How all the folks in Jersey do.  
It's months ago since I was there—  
I and a bullet from Fair Oaks.  
When you were home, old comrade, say,  
Did you see any of our folks?  
The Sunshine of Peace.

But there came a happy time when the great army of soldiers were given an unlimited furlough, and though of the thousands of brave men who marched away only a scant hundred or two returned, the difference in numbers but

## HANGING WITHOUT SUPPORT.

An Easy and Attractive Parlor Trick for Amateurs.

Dip one or more strings or threads in a strong solution of salt. Let them dry and repeat this same thing three times. This preparation is the secret of your stock in trade and you may show the threads to your audience at the beginning of the performance, says an exchange. Take one of these prepared threads, tie a ring to it and suspend it in the air; then set the thread on fire with a match. It will burn from end to end and the spectators will anticipate the dropping down of the ring. But if you have prepared your thread properly nothing of the kind will happen. The thread, of course, was burned, but a little fine salt tube remains, which, if guarded carefully against draught,



will prove strong enough to support the ring. This clever trick can be played in various ways. A little fine piece of cambric may be taken and a thread tied to each corner. The whole is then dipped into the brine solution and when properly prepared and dried it is suspended from the chandelier like a hammock. An empty egg-shell is placed in the cradle and fire set to the improvised hammock until it is completely consumed by it. Again, if the preparation has been correct, the egg will not fall to the floor, but will remain hanging where it is. Both ring and egg are thus suspended in mid-air without string or thread, for you have burned these before the eyes of your audience.

### Betrayed by His Own Curiosity.

During the Mohammedan festival of the Bairam, an inhabitant of the village of Funduckli, in Turkey, had dressed his child, about two years old, in a shawl and a cap ornamented with pieces of gold, and intrusted it to a slave, who had left it for a moment seated in the court of the house. On his return the child was gone, and every search for it proved fruitless. The father applied to the seraskier (the military commander of the district), entreating him to inquire into the circumstances. This officer reflected that the child could not be carried far, on account of its cries, and therefore must have been taken by one of the neighbors. He did not communicate this idea to any one, but directed one of his messengers to go to the village of Funduckli at the hour of prayer, to enter the mosque, and summon the iman (or priest) to come immediately to his palace.

When the iman came into the presence of the seraskier, he received a positive injunction to come to him again on the morrow and give him the name of the person who first came to inquire of him the cause of his being sent for by the seraskier. The Turks in general pay little attention to the affairs of others—not even those of their priests; consequently, on returning to the mosque, one man only came to him to ask the cause of so sudden a summons. The iman replied that it was only in relation to a firman which he was to have read, but which was withdrawn. On being informed by the iman of what had passed, the seraskier caused the inquisitive man to be arrested; and after considerable search the body of the child was found concealed under the staircase of his house. The inquisitive criminal was sentenced to be instantly drowned.

### The Wise Old Hen.

Instinct teaches the hen that it would be no good to warm only one side of her eggs, and so when she feels that they are "done" on one side she turns them gently round. Anyone who has watched setting hens has seen them rise every now and then and shuffle about for a few moments on the nest. That is when they turn the eggs over.

### Strange If True.

The savages of the Amazon region fed the common green parrot for generations with the fat of certain fishes, thus causing it to become beautifully variegated with red and yellow feathers. In like manner, the natives of the Malay Archipelago by a process of feeding changed the talkative lory into the gorgeous king lory.

### Hours for Labor.

The minimum age of employment on the continent is generally 12 or from 12 to 14. But then English children only work twenty-eight hours per week, while in France and Germany the hours are thirty-six, in Italy and Hungary forty-eight, in Holland sixty-six, and in Belgium seventy-two.

### More Power to Him.

A prophet in Athens, Ga., predicts that the crop yield this year throughout this country will be the largest ever known, but that beginning with 1893, and for two years thereafter, there will be the greatest famine the world has ever known.

### A Big Grinder.

The tooth of a mastodon has been found on a farm near Zanesville, Ohio. It (the tooth) weighed eight and one-quarter pounds.

DISTINCTION is an eminence which is attained but too frequently at the expense of a fireside.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

### A Good Investment.

"It has cost you a good deal to put your son through college?"  
"Yes."  
"Do you think it is likely to pay you?"

"Well, I expect so. He has already received one offer from a professional base-ball club."—New York Press.

### Only One Cause Likely.

Mrs. Greatman (wife of a Congressman)—"What is the matter with my husband, Doctor?"  
Doctor—"Brain strain."

Mrs. Greatman—"Dear me! He must have been drinking again and trying not to show it."—New York Weekly.

### Reversing Things.

People in Japan are called by the family name first, the individual, or what we should call the Christian name, next, and then the honorific—thus: "Smith Peter Mr."

### An Urgent Case.

Poor Patient—"I sent for you, doctor, because I know you are a noted physician, but I feel it my duty to inform you that I haven't over \$25 to my name."

Dr. Biggbee—"Very well, then, we must cure you up as quickly as possible."—New York Weekly.

### Going to Visit Them.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to Dwight, kind sir," she said.  
"You surely don't drink, my pretty maid?"  
"But I've driven my lovers all to it," she said.—New York Herald.

### No Give Away.

"Old Goldbug is to marry the beautiful daughter of Harduppe, I believe?"  
"Yes; the wedding takes place to-morrow. I have been invited."

"Does her father give her away?"  
"Give her away! No. He's selling her."—New York Press.

### The Foreign Idiot.

Promising Musician—Am I really an artist, my good, kind master?  
Instructor—Not yet, my dear child, but you will do quite well for a season in America—and your funds are getting low.

### An Ancient Lady.

Mrs. Henpeck (at 2 a. m.)—"While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return."

Henpeck (of the D. G. Ry., just home from the lodge)—"All ri', my dear. I'll shend 'n get a pighead—a hoghead of oil."—General Manager.

### A Lucky Woman.

Mrs. Brainie—"After ten years of married life my husband still says I'm an angel."

Friend—"Does he mean it?"

Mrs. Brainie—"Of course not; but I think I'm mighty lucky to have a husband who pretends to mean it."—New York Weekly.

### Next-Door Gossip.

Mrs. Simpkins—I see our new neighbor has bought a handsome umbrella-stand for her hall.

Mr. Simpkins—And now she makes her husband come into the house through the kitchen and leave his umbrella in the sink.—Judge.

### A Lame Excuse.

Ensign Lehmann, while promenading in the Berlin Zoological Gardens in civil attire, sees his Colonel approaching in the distance, and hastily conceals himself behind a tree to escape observation.

Colonel (next morning in the barrack-yard)—Ensign Lehmann, how came I to see you in plain clothes the other day in the zoological garden?

Lehmann—Because the tree was not thick enough, Colonel.—Familien Wochenblatt.

### Her Ignorance.

Mrs. Cumso—I'm glad it's a tin wedding we are invited to next week and not a silver wedding. Silver presents are so frightfully expensive.  
Cumso—My dear, you are evidently unacquainted with the fact that we are expected to take a present made of American tin.—Indianapolis Journal.

### On for the Afternoon.

He had a half-holiday and about 1 o'clock p. m. he came to a friend's office and sat down.

"Well," inquired the man at the desk, "what have you got on for the afternoon?"  
"Nothing," he replied, with a listless air; "that is, nothing except my clothes."—Detroit Free Press.

### An Advantage of Age.

"I'd like to be grown up," sighed Bobby, "for then I'd be helped first to pie and get through in time to have a second piece."—Harper's Young People.

### It Was Enough.

"Only one word, Gladys!" he pleaded. "One little word!"  
The young woman looked at the slender-shanked youth on his knees before her, and she opened her beautiful lips and softly said:  
"Rats!"

### An Abused Wife.

Married Daughter—"On, dear, such a time as I do have with that husband of mine! I don't have a minute's peace when he's in the house. He is always calling me to help do something or other."

Daughter—"He wants me to tramp way upstairs just to thread a needle for him, so he can mend his clothes."—New York Weekly.